A SATYR ON MANKIND: WITH A WORD of ADVICE

In this Critical Juncture.

5. Dec. 1701.

WHEN Power Divine, the Earth and Sea had fram'd,
And Man from Dust created was, and nam'd;
The new Machine in *Paradice* was plac'd,
And with Command o'er all below was grac'd.
Nay, Heav'n, in pity to his lonely State,
Was pleas'd a Female likewise to create,
And gave her for his Comfort, not his Fate.
But *Adam* had not long his Mate enjoy'd,
E'er she by Fallen-Angel was decoy'd,
To taste that Fruit which strictly was deny'd.
Eve by the cunning Serpent being won,
Made known to th'Man the Act that she had done;
And most prevailing Arguments did use,
That he ought not the pleasant Fruit refuse.

The

The amorous Husband soon was overcome,
And blindly into certain Ruine run,
For which wise Heaven justly pronounc'd their Doom.
Unhappy Pair! God-like they did appear,
When in orig'nal Innocence they were;
But disobeying their great Maker's Will,
They both from first intended Blessings fell.

The env'ous Devil having gain'd his end,
Did next his Malice on their Offspring bend,
And always buss'd into the First-born's Ears,
What prompted him to Jealousies and Fears.
So that i'th' dawn of wretched human Race,
The wicked *Cain* his Brother's Murd'rer was;
From whom, 'tis like, did spring the barb'rous Crew,
That are distinguish'd by infernal Hue.

In Holy Writ none but those two appear,
But, doubtless, *Eve* to *Adam* more did bear,
Who acted nothing worth recording there.
'Twas from their Loins great Numbers had their Birth,
For Sisters to their Brothers did bring forth;
And, thus encreas'd, they different Leaders chose,
Who frequently each other did oppose.
But Sov'reign Good finding those Broils increase,
Appointed Kings to keep Mankind in peace.
Some, who were just, the Charge did well deserve,
While others made that Pow'r their Int'rest serve;
For they, as well as former Rulers, jarr'd,
And one against the other often warr'd.
Father unsheath'd his Sword against the Son,
Who to oppose his Parent was as prone;
And thus did Nature's Quarrel hurry on.
E'en as if 'twas at first ordained so,
Lest Men by Peace so numerous might grow,
As not to meet with Elbow-room below.

Thus former Times — But, Satyr, thou must shew,
That Mankind now their Ancestors out-do,

In

In all those Things which base and vicious are,
And that there's few to Virtue do adhere.
E'en the Relig'on that they do profess,
(Which is the same, altho' in var'ous dress,)
Is made the greatest Obstacle to Peace.
Nay, now such sordid Wretches some are grown,
That Int'rest makes them e'en God disown.
I'th' Num'rous Croud but few the Crime despise,
Of thrusting others that themselves may rise;
For Men on Men Vulture-like do prey,
And basely do their nearest Friends betray.
They'l fawn and swear, that greatest Pains they'l take,
To serve you, tho' they owe ye mortal Hate;
And foolish Men, who should such Dangers shun,
First hope, and then believe, till they're undone.
Some Bruits there are, who their whole time employ
To ruin others, tho' they know not why;
And Villany in some does so abound,
That more in *Lucifer* was never found.
A sort of Men there are, who always hate
Virtue in others, and contrive their Fate;
Nay, wilfully betray the very State.
Others their Tongues let loose against their Prince,
And yet unpunish'd are for the Offence:
Nor will they ever cease to vent their Gaul,
If into Places they themselves can bawl.
To these, unite those who are Knaves and Fools,
Design'd by Nature to be others Tools;
Those Wretches always zealously do shew,
That, when push't on, there's nought but they will do.
What hopes have then the Virtuous and Brave,
Of b'ing secure from Villain, Fool and Knave?
Each does his part, tho' in a diff'rent way,
And Fool, as well as Knave, helps to betray.
To set down all the Vices that possess
Man's harden'd Heart, and paint their proper Dress,
Would be a Labour much too great for me;
Besides, one would from Thoughts of them be free.

Princes

Princes themſelves, when they are not content
With what from Heav'n is bountifully ſent,
Involve Mankind in moſt inhuman War,
And Butchers to poor bleeding Mortals are.
But never yet did Tyrant meet with Peace,
When lab'ring under Death, or grand Diſeaſe;
For raviſh'd Kingdom then no more will pleaſe.
Nor can it be believ'd, that *Europe*'s Foe,
Loaded with Ills he has, and ſtill would do,
The horrid Wreck of Conſcience does not know.
'Tis probable ſome Intervals he has,
When Prieſt deludes him with the Right of's Cauſe;
But if of future State he'l calmly think,
(Which is a Doubt) his burthen'd Soul muſt ſink.

Oh *Britain!* wert thou once but ſo far bleſt,
To ſee thy own diſorder'd State at reſt,
Which Heav'n ſoon grant—! this faithleſs Prince might be
Juſtly chaſtis'd for's late Affront to Thee.
But if thoſe Diſcords which have crampt thy State,
Do not blow over e're it be too late,
Thou'lt on thy ſelf draw an unhappy Fate.
Conſider then, while yet 'tis in your Pow'r;
Let all make uſe of this important Hour,
To mend thoſe Breaches lately did appear;
And that once done, you need no En'my fear.

FINIS.

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